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The Musician of Augsburg.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Many years ago there lived in the city of Augsburg a musician by the name of Niesser, who, besides a wonderful skill in musical performance, possessed also a great reputation in the manufacture of every then known instrument. He was at the same time a musical composer, and although none of his compositions are extant now yet old chronicles inform us that the fame of this accomplishment, as well as that of his others, had spread through the whole of Germany. Several other circumstances augmented his renown:—he possessed, besides much wealth, which, as was whispered, had not been acquired in the most righteous manner, a daughter, the only heiress to his riches, whose beauty and innocence alone would have been a sufficient dowry.

Esther was as much admired for the sweetness of her smile, the beauty of her blue eyes, and her many good deeds, as the old Niesser was envied on account of his wealth, reputed for the excellency of his stringed instruments, and despised for his few good deeds. The old gentleman, in spite of his opulence and the consequence, acquired therefrom, in spite of his musical celebrity, was very sad. Esther, his only daughter, the only representative of a long line of musical ancestors, could not distinguish one note from another, and a melancholy foreboding crept upon him, that to the talent which he esteemed as much as his riches, he would leave no heir. But as Esther had at last grown up to a blooming maiden, he consoled himself with the thought that, if he could not be father, he might at least become grandfather to a progeny of musicians. With the view of accomplishing this, he resolved to give his daughter, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, to him who would compose the best *Sonata* and play the principal part therein. This determination he caused publicly to be announced and appointed also a certain day for the competition, vowing, with a sacred oath, that he would keep his promise even if the devil himself should compose and play the *Sonata*. This, as some said, was spoken in jest; yet it would nevertheless have been better for Niesser if he had not said it at all. One thing, however, is certain: he was a wicked old man, who had no great veneration for religion. Scarcely did the old musician's determination become known in Augsburg, than the whole town got into a ferment. Many who never before had ventured to raise their eyes so high, now considered themselves wooers for the hand of the beautiful Esther. Then, besides her charms and those of her father's florins, artistic glory came in question, and where this was wanting, vanity took the place. In short, there was not a musician in Augsburg who did not feel himself called upon to compete for the beautiful prize.

In the morning, at midday, and in the evening, yes, even through the whole night, did the streets re-echo with melodious and discordant sounds.

Sonatas sounded forth from every window, and nothing was spoken of but the approaching competition and its results. A fever for music had taken hold of all grades; the best airs were learned by heart and played and sung in every house, the sentinels at the city gates hummed *Sonatas*, while marching up and down; merchants in their stores sang favorite pieces; customers who stepped in forgot what they wished to buy, joined and kept singing *Duets* with the salesmen across the counter; some even hinted that they had caught priests singing *Allegrettos* when coming from the confessional; and upon the last leaf of a bishop's sermon, two measures of a *Presto* were found.

During this general mania, there was one not infected with the common excitement. It was Francis Goertlinger, a youth who, although possessing the best heart and the most beautiful form in all Suabia, had equally as little musical talent as Esther.

Francis loved the maiden, and she would rather hear her name whispered by him in sweet, endearing accents, than all the *Sonatas* ever composed between the Rhine and Vistula. Niesser's resolution was therefore alike hopeless to both the lovers.

At last the evening preceding the decisive day was at hand, and Francis had not yet taken one step towards the attainment of his wishes, and how could it have been possible? Never had he composed a single measure of music, and the playing of one solitary air upon the Spinnet exhausted the whole of his talent. Late in the evening he left his habitation and sauntered through the streets. The shops were already closed, and the streets empty: from a few windows a light yet shed its rays, and the strains of some instrument in preparation for the (to him) sad occasion, broke jarringly on his feelings. Sometimes he stood listening, and was then enabled to see the countenance of the musician, radiant with joy in expectation of a certain triumph. Proceeding on his road in a rather contemplative mood and not taking much notice of the streets through which he passed, he found himself at last in a quarter of the town which, although he had been his whole life in Augsburg, he believed he had never seen before. Marvelling, he proceeded on when suddenly it appeared to him as if a strain of music, from time to time interrupting the murmuring of the river before him, melted away in the distance; breathlessly he stood and listened, and again he was sure that some wonderful melody greeted his ear. At last a solitary, far distant light convinced him that all the inhabitants of this quarter had not gone to rest, and that another watchful musician pressed the night to his aid, in order to be a worthy competitor on the following day. Francis continued his walk, wrapt, if possible, in a more melancholy mood from this conclusion. The nearer, however, he approached the light, the more forcibly there broke upon him a strain of such sweet and heavenly sounds, that in spite of his little musical talent, he could not resist their charming influence and the desire to find out whence they came or who the performer was. Quickly and noiselessly he reached the casement, through which, by the sounds emerging from it, he was sure to obtain a view of the virtuoso; raising himself to his utmost height, he was enabled to look into the interior, and there he saw what appeared to him to be a low arched chamber, in the centre of which was seated an old man, with a manuscript before him, luring from an instrument the like of which Francis had never seen before, those sounds powerfully had so attracted him. The performer's back was turned towards the window, yet an old looking glass on the opposite wall revealed to the listener the image of the old man's features. It was a countenance never to be forgotten; such unspeakable sweetness and goodness were impressed upon it, that the youth doubted whether it could belong to an inhabitant of this earth. The mysterious stranger played with wonderful dexterity, ceasing now and then evidently for the purpose of altering something in his notes, which the manuscript appeared to contain, and uttering his satisfaction at the change of melody thus produced, in a language entirely unknown to Francis. At first the youth could scarcely govern his rage at the thought of this little shrivelled old man venturing, as he supposed, to appear as one of Esther's wooers, but his anger gradually vanished,

the longer his attention was chained by the beauty and strangeness of the music, and no longer able to repress his satisfaction at the conclusion of a brilliant passage, he broke out into loud and boisterous applause in evidence of his admiration. The stranger now perceiving that he was not without a listener at his nocturnal performance, immediately opened the door, and, much to the surprise of the young man said: "Good evening, Francis, come in and take a seat. Tell me how *Sonata* pleases you, and whether you think it worthy of gaining Niesser's daughter?" There was in these rather provoking words something so heart-winning that Goertlinger felt no enmity, but accepted the old man's invitation, seated himself, and listened with attention to the again resumed performance. After having concluded the last strain of it, the virtuoso once more asked him how he liked the *Sonata*. "Oh!" exclaimed Francis, "would I were capable of composing one only half as beautiful." "Listen to me," replied the stranger; "old Niesser has taken an oath that he would give his daughter to him who would compose the best *Sonata*, and, he impiously added even if invented and played by the devil himself. These were not spoken unlistened to; the night winds carried them on their black pinions, whispered them through the silent woods, and bore them to those evil genii who have their home in the dark valley. With mocking laughter they accepted the challenge, and their kindred spirits shouted their satisfaction through the silent midnight, from the depths of a hundred caverns and mountains. But the good angels also heard the old man's oath, and though not pitying the blasphemer, yet they had compassion on sweet Esther and her lover. Take this roll of music, and with it proceed to-morrow to Niesser's house; a stranger accompanied by two others will arrive and sue for the beautiful prize, producing a *Sonata* like the one in this roll, not possessing, however, its peculiar power; wait for a favorable opportunity when he plays it, and substitute these notes for his." The old man, after having finished these strange instructions, took Goertlinger's hand and conducted him by some unknown road to the city gates, where he left him.

The young man's mind was perplexed with the curious manner in which he had received the *Sonata*, and filled with plans, expectations, hopes and fears for the coming day. In spite of the old man's assurances, he could not conceive how he, himself no composer, should by the changing of the *Sonatas*, reach the goal of his wishes. Thus ruminating, he arrived at his habitation, went to bed and fell asleep, whilst Esther's blue eyes and the music which the unknown had executed, were alternately the subject of his dreams.

The next evening Niesser's mansion was opened for the competition, and as the final hour arrived, musicians from all parts of the city were seen by the curious rabble to hurry towards the house.

Francis Goertlinger also took his music, and near the appointed hour stood at the door of the building which contained his dearest treasure, pitied by many, to whom his love for Esther and his ignorance of music was no secret. Stepping into the large saloon, he found it already filled with musicians and musical amateurs, which last had also been invited. Niesser himself as judge was seated upon a chair at the upper end of the apartment, and beside him stood Esther, ornamented and dressed in her best apparel, like a sacrifice ready for the altar. When Goertlinger pressed through the crowd, a smile spread over the faces of all present, they being perfectly well aware of Francis's inability to comply with the conditions. Niesser also smiled, but Esther looked wonderingly at her lover, a silent tear stealing

down her cheek at the thought of their hopeless fate.

The competitors were now instructed to give in the names, and it was also resolved that each one's turn of advancing his claims, should be decided by lot. The last one of those who stepped forward, and to whom all involuntarily gave place, was a stranger, calling himself *Lived*. No one knew from whence he came, and so repulsive were his features, so piercing his eye, that even Esther's father whispered to her his wish that this man's *Sonata* might not be the best.

Everything being ready, old Niesser arose from his chair, and signifying his desire for the contest to begin, exclaimed with a loud voice: "I swear to give my daughter here, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, in marriage to him who shall produce the best *Sonata*, and play the principal part therein." "And will you keep your oath?" said the stranger, stepping immediately before the old man. "I shall keep it," said the musician of Augsburg, "were the *Sonata* even composed and executed by the evil one himself." A great silence prevailed throughout the assembly, when, at these blasphemous words, only a distant mocking laugh was heard; every one shuddered, the stranger alone smiled. It fell to his lot to play first, and seating himself, he opened his music, whilst two others, whom none had noticed before, placed themselves by his side, with instruments ready, waiting for the signal to begin. It was given, and as they raised their heads to look at the notes, every one present perceived that their faces resembled each other in every particular. A general awe crept over the assembly, none spoke, but all, as if by previous understanding, precipitately left the apartment, and flew in terror from the house. No one remained behind, except the three, who, without being at all disturbed, had commenced to play, and Francis, who had not forgotten the instructions of his nocturnal companion. Esther's father also sat in his chair, beholding the awful scene and remembering his unholy oath; he endeavored to rise, but some invisible force kept him in his seat.

It was now near midnight; Francis stood by the side of the terrible visitors, and when they were not far from the conclusion of their *Sonata*, he suddenly tore away their music and substituted his. Then a dark, ghastly change came over the faces of the three musicians, and a distant howl, as of disappointment, was heard. The tapers were extinguished, and darkness of night enveloped all. Upon returning to consciousness from the stupor occasioned by this sudden occurrence, Francis perceived, by the light of the moon which poured her mild rays through the casement, the old man who had given him the *Sonata* standing near him. At a sign from him, the youth raised the still insensible Esther in his arms, and following his good genius, left the unhallowed house, which gradually vanished beneath the earth.

It is needless to say that the lovers were soon after married.

Years passed: children and grandchildren mourned over their graves. On the spot where Niesser's house stood, a new one has been erected, but the three unknown musicians still play their *Sonata*, the sounds of which are heard at midnight echoing from the depths of the earth. The old man also remains in his chair, still endeavoring to rise, but is condemned to preside for ever over the concert of his unhallowed guests.

Thus ends the legend of the Musician of Augsburg.

Russian Composers.

The modern Russian composers write a great deal more vocal than instrumental music. Their songs are very beautiful, and the best of them have a decided national character. Several Russian airs have been appropriated by German composers, who have had German words written to them; for instance, the "Red Sarafan" (the first of the melodies played so admirably by Wieniawski) and the "Troika," called in German "Die blaue Augen." Count Vielgorski's, or Wielhorski's, "Buivala," which, though an original melody, has all the national characteristics, has

been made the subject of a *fantasia* by Vieuxtemps. Every one knows the magnificent national hymn by Lvoff, the Director of the Imperial Choir, who has also written numbers of more familiar strains, and who has even supplied the gipsy companies of Moscow with some of their most popular airs.

Varmaloff, one of the most graceful romance-writers of the day, has also composed or arranged music for the gipsies; and one of their favorite melodies, of which the burden is well-known in England, and which is also introduced in the ballet music of the Spanish dancers (itself full of gipsy characteristics) is signed by Glinka, who, however, can only have harmonized it, for the tune belongs certainly to the gipsies themselves. Various other Russian composers have written for the gipsy troops; and it appears to us that the modern Russian music may be divided into (1) melodies in the style of the old national airs, and (2) melodies founded on, or imitated from, the traditional airs of the gipsies, such as Alabiéff's "Nightingale," "He loves me no more," and a dialogue-song, of which the name escapes us, but in which a young man makes all sorts of desperate promises and professions of love to a young girl who laughs at him and rejects him, because, in her character of gipsy, she values nothing so much as her own liberty. Both styles appear quaint to foreign ears; but the former is distinguished by great simplicity and sadness, the latter by wildness and passion, and by a certain oriental character. Naturally in some of the songs of the present day there is a union of the two styles; and, as in all European countries, a certain number of airs are published which are imitated more or less from the Italian. But in spite of the influence of the Italian Opera, and of the numerous Italian composers who have visited the country and written for its stage; in spite too of the number of German musical professors who have settled in St. Petersburg and Moscow, the Russians have certainly a national school of music, as can be shown, not only from their songs, but from the operas of Glinka and Verstovsky.

Of Glinka we need not speak again at present, but as the name of Verstovsky will be new to the great majority of our readers, we may mention that he is the director of the Moscow Opera, the composer of a great many songs (several of which are written for the gipsies), and of the music of two serious dramatic works, "*Askoldova Mogila*" (The Tomb of Askold), and "*Gramoboi*." "*Askoldova Mogila*" is not, and cannot be, esteemed by the Russians in a scientific point of view. The overture is miserably poor; there are no concerted pieces of any importance, nor is there even an attempt in either of the acts at a regularly constructed *finale*. By a musician, then, "*Askoldova Mogila*" would be at once set aside, that is to say, if judged only by the merits of its composer; but at the same time much of the music is interesting to a foreigner, because it is really national instead of being imitated from the Italian. As the composers for the gipsy troops write music in the gipsy style, so Verstovsky, in treating a national subject, has given a national coloring to his melodies, even if he has not in a direct manner laid old Russian airs under contribution, which he sometimes appears to have done. There is a tune in *polacca* measure for the hero which is quite in the style of those sung by the boatmen on the Volga (it must be remembered that *polacca* or *polonaise* is a misnomer, as that particular form of melody, like the mazurka, is in special favor with all the Slavonian nations), and the *prima donna* has an "Air with Chorus" which is also strikingly national. A large proportion of the melodies in this opera are in a minor key, as are by far the greater part of the old national airs; and the opera also abounds in airs with choral refrains or responses, which is another characteristic of the Russian popular music, whether sung by the peasants, the gipsies, or the Cossack companies. "*Askoldova Mogila*," then, is essentially a popular work, and we can understand that the *habitués* of the Italian Opera and of the St. Petersburg Philharmonic Concerts have no great opinion of it,

though we repeat that it is full of interest for a foreigner.

We cannot take leave of *Askoldova Mogila* without calling attention to a strange account given of it by Baron Haxthausen in his valuable work on Russia. This learned economist has the eccentricity to state that it reminded him of *La Sonnambula* and *Der Freyschütz*. We should have thought that it recalled one of these operas it could not very well have suggested the other, for there are no points of resemblance between the two. Nor can we understand how the music of Verstovsky could remind any one either of Bellini or of Weber. Verstovsky's last opera of *Gramoboi* would doubtless appear to Baron Haxthausen a veritable *Der Freyschütz*, for it is founded on a legend (which forms the subject of one of Joukovsky's poems), and involves the sale of a soul to the evil one. The action, as in *Askoldova Mogila*, takes place at Kieff, and the sins of Ruric the Norman again appear. This piece, which was produced in Moscow in 1857, had no success as an opera, and attracted only as a spectacle.

Some of the very finest Russian music, however (as those of our readers who were present at Prince Galitzin's concert will readily believe), is that which is executed by the Russian chorus-singers, of which there are numerous companies, organized under Government direction or by private individuals. All the works of Bortniansky and Lvoff are admirably sung by the Imperial Choir at St. Petersburg, which numbers one hundred and ten of the finest voices imaginable, the basses and tenors being especially remarkable. The most celebrated choirs at Moscow are those of Philaret the metropolitan, and of Prince Galitzin (not the Prince Galitzin of Tamboff, and of St. James's Hall), who has built one of the most beautiful chapels in the city. At the monastery of the Don, a few versts from Moscow, there is also an admirable choir, but composed only of men (and not of men and boys as elsewhere). In addition to the churches, each regiment has its choir, as well as the principal charitable and educational establishments; indeed, it would be difficult to hear choral music more perfectly executed than at the Foundling Hospital of Moscow.—*London Musical World*, June 30,

Chinese and Japanese Music.

The musical scale of the Chinese consists of only five notes instead of seven, and their music is not written on five lines like ours but in perpendicular columns, like the characters in their books. The elevations or depression of tones is indicated by distinctive names. They have no semi-tones, and hence arises a tedious monotony of sound. There is said to be a resemblance between the Chinese melodies and the ancient Scottish airs. If this be so, Scotch music in the days of Ossian must have been much ruder than it has ever yet been represented, for of all unearthly sounds Chinese singing is the most unearthly. There is no noise like it. Those who have attended a genuine Chinese theatrical performance have had a specimen of how the men acquit themselves in song; but Chinese music can only be heard to perfection by strolling through the narrow streets of a Chinese town. Men, women and children all strain their voices to the utmost squeaking falsetto. The singers are usually accompanied by the viola, and sometimes by the pig-skin drum likewise. One's tympanum throbs and thrums as though a dozen fairies were beating upon it. Yet the Chinese have their Jenny Linds, Grisis and Sontags; their Lablaches and Tambourins. They have infant phenomena, too, who, if they keep their lungs whole until arriving at mature age, certainly deserve the name. You are frequently called upon to admire what in any other place than a Chinese town you would suppose to be an imitation of the piteous complaint of a pig jammed under a gate; being all the time in a state of nervous excitement lest the warbler should break a blood-vessel in your presence.

Unlike our private singers at home, the Chinese need no pressing to "favor" a company with a song. On the contrary, the performances are generally voluntary, and the performers never give the excuse of cough or cold. In truth, a slight cold is rather an improvement upon their style. The willingness with which they entertain you in this respect is only equalled by the evident vanity of the singers, or the exulting pride of the bystanders of

celestial origin. "That booty?" one will ask, and others, "How you likee dat?" "What you tinkee dat?" "Merican side can sing so booty?" To all of which it must be your invariable rule to give the expected answers, or you will immediately find yourself involved in a discussion in which you are sure to have the worst, for the odds are too strong against you.

Small square tables of lacquered ware, about a foot and a half in height and six inches square, were placed on the right side of the Japanese; these supported cups of tea, sweetmeats, cakes, and small lacquered bowls of rice and fruit. Four married ladies sat together on one side, and near them an old gentleman; opposite sat a young Japanese officer and two young ladies, one about seventeen years of age, the other about twenty; the latter were very pretty. We little dreamed of seeing such beauties in this retired spot; their skins clear and white as that of a Circassian, with a healthy blush on their cheeks, which required not the assistance of the rouge-box; finely arched brows, over bright black eyes, which grew brighter when the owners became animated, and were shadowed by long curling eyelashes; noses small but straight, one bordering on aquiline; small well cut lips, surrounded by even rows of teeth of pearly lustre. Their jet black hair was brushed from the sides and back of the head, and fastened in a knot on the top of the head, by a fillet of pale pink silk. The elder was the handsomer of the two, and the chief object of attraction to the young officer; as he frequently gave us an opportunity of observing, by placing an arm round her waist and looking lovingly into her eyes. There was gracefulness in all her attitudes, especially when she took up a guitar at the request of her lover and played a few airs for us; but the music was rather monotonous and without harmony; at least our dull ears could not detect any. She accompanied herself in a song, in a falsetto tone; a species of whine, not altogether so discordant as that of the Chinese, yet merely bearable from its strangeness. The sister now joined in a duet, one endeavoring to outshout the other. Our elder hosts were in raptures with the performance, and they wondered at our stolidity; but our ears had been accustomed to the music of Grisi and Mario, and could not endure even the finest of Japanese singers. Finding the ladies so obliging, we prevailed upon one to play while the other danced. The performance was peculiar; she went round the apartment, as in a slow waltz, making graceful passes with her hands, and humming an air to herself, smiling most agreeably, and bowing toward us as she went round. They were attired in richly embroidered silk; a loose tunic with wide sleeve was fastened round the waist by a broad sash of pale pink; a fan was passed through this, and supporting the back of each lady was a tricornered flat board, covered with parti-colored silk. The married ladies were attired in robes of a fabric resembling cashmere, and of a sombre lavender color. After tea they introduced pipes and some light wine.

The Part-Songs of Germany.

These part-songs are too little known in England as one of the most national and not least engaging features in modern German music. It is forty years since Zelter and his friend Flemming founded at Berlin a congregation of staid elderly men, who met once a month to a good supper, and to diversify the pleasures of the table by singing four-part songs, principally composed by themselves. The number was 40, and far the larger portion of it composed of amateurs or men in office. It was an original statute that no one was eligible as a member who was not a composer, a poet, or a singer. During his lifetime Zelter was their president and principal composer; and in no branch of art did his peculiar talent evidence itself so brightly as in these convivial effusions, where humor, raciness, a masterly employment of the limited material at his disposal, and a fine sense of the poetry he took in hand, distinguished him among his contemporaries. Goethe used to give his songs to be composed by Zelter; and many of them were sung at the Berlin "Liedertafel" before they were printed or known elsewhere. Fleming also contributed some fair musical compositions,—that to Horace's ode, "Integer vixit," amongst others.

It was in the year 1815, or thereabouts, that Berger, or Klein, and a younger generation of musicians, founded a young "Liedertafel" society, on the same principle, and for the same number of members. Friedrich Foster wrote some very pretty songs for it. Hoffman, the novel writer and kapellmeister, made it one scene of his strange and extravagant existence; and left behind him there an immortal comic song—"Turkische Musik," the words by Friedrich Foster. In general, a gay and more spirited tone pervaded

this younger society than belonged to their classical seniors. It was the practice of both bodies to invite guests on holiday occasions; and by the younger part-singers ladies were admitted twice a year. Nothing could be sprightlier or pleasanter, a little extra noise allowed for, than these latter meetings. They were not long in spreading it far and wide. The good suppers became of less integral consequence; original compositions were not always attainable; but in every town it was natural to collect the younger men of all classes, for the purpose of singing together. A regular system of organization, of division and subdivision, has arranged itself. The town societies in combination form provincial assemblies, where many hundreds come together. In the north of Germany the large class of young men who are either schoolmasters or organists in the towns and villages, or are educated as such at the normal societies of their own, and periodical celebrations.

The provincial festivals of these societies are held in the good time of the year, so that open air performances are practicable. A fine site, too, is a thing always chosen. Not very long before my Harz ramble, the Liedertafeln societies of that district had been holding a congress at Blakenburg. These Liedertafeln societies take part in other celebrations not their own. When Schiller's statue was inaugurated in Stuttgart, the singing bodies of all the towns in the towns in the district round about poured in through the gates of the town, one after the other, each with its banners and its music, till the separate chords, to speak fancifully, united in a grand chorus in the market-place. And while there exists a well trained army of volunteer choristers ready to be called into action on all occasions—it need not be pointed out how different it is in quality to the body of subordinates at once semi-professional and untalented, at whose mercy lies so much of the best music ever to be heard in England—I should say, *did lie*; for part-singing is now flourishing with us like the bean-tree in the fairy tale.

It is needless, again, to remark how the works which make a whole great people vocal, must have a value and an interest in more aspects than one. To offer an instance or two likely to be familiar to the English—Music has nothing nobler in her stores than the battle-songs in which the harmonies of Weber and the burning words of Körner are united. We sit by our firesides, it is true, and know not the sound of an enemy's cavalry in the streets, nor the booming of an enemy's cannon without our gates; and hence are touched only faintly by the spell of the soul within them; but it is impossible coldly to listen to the masculine chords and bold modulations of "Lutzow's Wild Chase," and the "Sword Song," and the "Husarenlied." Again, we have taken home to ourselves and half nationalized "Am Rhein," among our "Black eyed Susans," and "Rule Britannia's," because of its spirit and beauty; though we cannot fail save dramatically, and by going out of ourselves as well as from home, the joviality and mirth of those who dwell in wine-land, or the kindling of such a spirit as moved the army of Liberators on their return from victory, when within sight of Ehrenbreitstein, to burst out with one consent into that noble melody which was heard with little ceasing for two days and nights while the band was passing over the river.—N. Y. Musical World.

Popular Music of the Olden Time.

(From the Quarterly Review.)

(Continued from page 124.)

It is a similar circumstance, that the anti-national propensities of Charles II. brought into fashion the kind of music that had constantly been appreciated by the masses—the music of the old ballads and songs. That notorious dislike of all compositions to which he could not beat time, and consequently of the tuneless counterpoint that had found such high favor with his predecessors, led him to appreciate the common English airs, to which the poets of the people had written their words, as well as the dance-music imported from France. The man who was destined to turn the predilection of the monarch to good account, by bringing to the notice of the court those national melodies which had been despised by the scholastic composers, was the once famed Tom D'Urfey, who, having delighted the "merry monarch" with a now-forgotten comedy, called the "Plotting Sisters," became one of his chief favorites. The earlier English poets, with their hatred for ballad-writers, had avoided all metres that could be sung to common tunes, but D'Urfey, acutely perceiving the royal taste, pursued a course diametrically opposite, writing songs that would either fit the existing ballad-tunes, or enable the musicians to adopt a similar style of composition. Thus the line of demarcation that had so long served the music of

the higher classes from that of the multitude was to a great extent obliterated, and the popular song was once more in fashion. Unfortunately for the durability of lyric poetry, fortunately for composers, honest Tom has had few successors; and it is to the fact that Scottish poets worked on his principle, whereas English rhymesters preferred new music, that Mr. Chappell attributes the incomparably greater popularity of the former. "Dibdin's sea-songs," he says, "are already fading from memory, because he composed music to them, instead of writing to airs which had stood the test of time."

On the other hand, the Scotch not only sang D'Urfey's songs, but composed new words to his tunes, and this brings us to an especial theory of Mr. Chappell's, that many of the times commonly called Scotch are really of southern origin. The collections that he has examined show a strange mixture, the third volume of Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany," for instance, containing English songs exclusively, and the fourth a combination of English and Scotch, though the notification that these were all "Scots songs" still appeared on the title-page, to the great inconvenience of northern antiquaries, who are thus liable to praise English music, when they intend to praise Scotch. That Dr. Beattie was in this unfortunate position and communicated his error to Mrs. Siddons is thus shown by Mr. Chappell:—

"She loves music, and is fond of Scotch tunes, many of which I played to her on the violoncello. One of these, *She rose and let me in*, which you know is a favorite of mine, made the tears start from her eyes: 'Go on,' said she, 'and you will soon have your revenge;' meaning that I should draw as many tears from her as she had drawn from me by her acting. (*Life of James Beattie, LL. D.*, by Sir W. Forbes, II. 138.) Dr. Beattie was evidently not aware that both the music and words of *She rose and let me in* are English (the words being by Tom D'Urfey and the music by Farmer). Again, in one of his Essays,—I do not find that any foreigner has ever caught the true spirit of Scottish music; and he illustrates his remark by the story of Geniliani's having blotted quires of paper in the attempt to write a second part to the tune of *The Broom of Cowdenknows*. This air is, to say the least, of very questionable origin. The evidence of its being Scotch rests upon the English ballad of *The Broom of Cowdenknows*, for in other ballads to the same air it is not so described; and Burton, in his *Antiquary of Melancholy*, quotes 'O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,' as a 'country tune.' The frequent misapplication of the term 'Scotch' in English songs and ballads, has been remarked by nearly every writer on Scottish music, and this air is not upon the incomplete scale which is commonly called Scotch. I am strongly persuaded that it is one of those ballads which, like *The gallant Gudekens*, and many others, became popular in Scotland because the subject was Scotch. *The Broom of Cowdenknows* is in the metre of, and evidently suggested by, the older ballad of *New Broom on Hill*. A copy of the original *Broom on Hill* may even yet be discovered, or at least an earlier copy of the tune, and thus set the question at rest."

This part of the history we rather indicate than dilate upon, leaving Mr. Chappell to contend with the northern lion as well as he may, and prove that it roars an' it were any English nightingale. The professed imitation of the Scottish dialect in popular English songs seems to have begun with the mission of the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) to Scotland, when the northern phraseology was eagerly adopted by the royalists.

After the reign of Queen Anne, political songs were the only kind of poetry that found general favor, but in the time of George II. the old tunes were once more brought into vogue with those ballad-operas, of which the "Beggars' Opera" was the first and the most durable. For six consecutive years scarcely any other kind of drama was produced on the stage, and even for the booths in Bartholomew Fair new operas were written.

With respect to the characteristics and worth of the popular English airs that survived so many social and political changes, and have sometimes acquired new vitality from their connexion with some event of importance, we may confidently say, that the most careless reader of music cannot glance over the airs collected by Mr. Chappell without arriving at the conclusion, not only that these tunes are eminent for those qualities which strongly affect the emotions of the multitude, but also that they have peculiarities of their own which distinguish them from the songs of other nations, in spite of the bold assertion of unpatriotic archaeologists that the English are without a national music.

The characteristic airs of England are divided by Mr. Chappell into four classes, which he thus describes:—

"The first and largest division consists of airs of a smooth and flowing character—expressive, tender, and sometimes plaintive, but generally cheerful rather than sad. These are the ditties, the real pastorals, which are so often mentioned by our early writers, and in which our poets so constantly expressed their delight. The second comprises airs which breathe a frank and manly spirit, often expanding into rough jollity. Such were many of the songs of men when not addressed to the fair. The third consists of the airs to historical and other very long ballads, some of which airs have probably descended to us from the minstrels. They are invariably of simple construction, usually plaintive, and the last three notes often fall gradually to the key-note at the end. One peculiar feature of

these airs is the long interval between each phrase, so well calculated for recitation, and for recovering the breath in the lengthy stories to which they were united. They were rarely, if ever, used for dancing; indeed, they were not well suited to the purpose, and therein differed from the carols, and from the ditties, which were usually danced to and sung. Ditties, when accelerated in time to fit them for dancing, would fall under the denomination of carols. In the fourth class may be comprised the numerous hornpipes, jigs, rounds, and bagpipe-tunes. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when villagers assembled every holiday, and on Sunday evenings after prayers to dance upon the green, every parish of moderate population had its piper. "The constable ought not to break his staff and forswear the watch for one roaring night," says Ben Jonson, "nor the piper of the parish to put up his pipes for one rainy Sunday." "It was not unusual, I believe," says Mr. Surtees, "to amuse laborers on bounty days with music; a piper generally attended on highway days." He quotes the following entry in the parish registers of Gateshead, under the year 1658:—"To workmen, for making the streets even, at the King's coming, 18s. 4d.; and paid the piper for playing to the members of the highways five several days, 3s. 4d." Milton, in his speech upon unlicensed printing, says, "The villagers also must have their visitors, to enquire what lectures the bagpipe and the reel reads, even to the ballady, and the gammut of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadia, and his Monte Mayors."

Various, and doubtless to a great extent unfathomable, are the causes that produce that fitness of an air to a national humor, which is expressed by the term popularity. The songs introduced in the lighter French vaudevilles, and sung by actors who are not professedly vocalists, seem utterly meaningless and trivial to the English ear, whether cultivated or not; yet they must appeal to some sentiment in the French people, or they would not be repeated year after year, with fresh words written on the occasion of every revival. Of the vitality of certain English tunes we had a striking instance in the "Beggars' Opera," which is almost a thesaurus of national melody, and we have more modern proofs in the burlesque entertainments produced at our theatres during the holiday seasons, and consequently exhibiting the union of airs composed before the memory of man with words hastily scribbled down by the young poetasters of the day. Tunes go on for centuries, words become stale in a twelvemonth. Martin Parker by his Cavalier verses gave indeed a new popularity to the old melody; but we question whether a single reader would now be moved by the words of "The King shall enjoy his own again," whereas the tune would be found as soul-stirring as ever if associated with some new national event. Nor can we reasonably doubt that the lively air of *Lillibulero* had a great effect in giving currency to the rubbish with which it was associated about the time of the Revolution.

Impossible as it may be to trace all the causes of popularity in music, some influence may be safely ascribed to the character of the instruments in use among the people. The airs of Spain—the land of guitars—are generally destitute of sustained notes; the songs of the Swiss mountaineer are suggestive of the mountain-horn. Armed with the fact that the instruments in use among the English from the earliest times were the harp, the fiddle (including the crowd), and the pipe, with or without the bag, the curious may, if they please, endeavor to find the traces of these instruments in the abundant specimens of English melody collected by Mr. W. Chappell. These are upwards of four hundred in number, and it can be proved that at least two hundred were in vogue before the time of the Commonwealth. We can scarcely over-estimate the industry and zeal shown by Mr. Chappell in his valuable and interesting work. He has produced not an essay, not a history, not a music-book, but something that combines the nature of all these at once. The order of the work is chronological; every tune is printed with a bass accompaniment by the accomplished musician, Mr. G. A. Macfarren; its vicissitudes are described, the words that belong to it are given entire or in part, and everything that can be found in the way of historical fact or contemporary allusion is brought to bear upon its illustration. The portions of the work to which we have referred are merely the introductions to the several sections. The main body of the book consists of a mass of erudition, no less copious than well digested, that can only be appreciated by a careful perusal.

Late as it comes, Mr. Chappell's work is the only one of its kind. Years have elapsed since the superficial Dr. Burney directed his energies to the depreciation of English music, and the exaltation of everything foreign. The task of vindicating the musical character of our countrymen, by whatever expedient zeal could suggest and erudition supply, was reserved for Mr. Chappell—an archaeologist of the middle of the nineteenth century. His delightful volumes are a perfect treasure to every person who loves an English tune or an English song, as well as to all who take an interest in tracing an important department of popular literature, or the changes of national tastes and customs.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 117.)

No. 116.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, November 21, 1772.

We are, heaven be thanked, as well and lively as fishes in water; for during the last week it has rained frightfully. To-day is the anniversary of our marriage. It is now, if I mistake not, five-and-twenty years ago since we had the happy idea of getting married, to say nothing of the years we thought about it beforehand; good things require time.

The "primo uomo" M. Rauzzini has arrived. The work goes on increasing. We shall have also our little comedies to go through, as is justly expected when theatrical affairs are in question; but such things are mere trifles. The figs which Wolfgang carried away with him from Salzburg were as miraculous as the loaves and fishes in the Gospel; they have lasted until now.

Yes! yes! we have a mighty deal to do; when we are not working there are still all sorts of arrangements to see to.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—I thank you, dear sister, you know for what I cannot write to M. de Hefner. If you see him make him read these lines; I beg him to remain content therewith for the present.

I bear no grudge against that rare friend for not having answered me. As soon as he has more time, he will find a time, no doubt, although I doubt, to answer me punctually.

No. 117.

The Same to the Same.

Milan, December 5, 1772.

My bad pen does not prevent our being in good health. Yesterday only did the De Amicis arrive. The poor tenor, Cardoni, has fallen so sick that he cannot come. They have sent for some one to take his place to Turin and to Bologna. He must be not only a good singer, but a good actor, with an imposing appearance, to represent with honor the character of Sylla. These are the two principal causes which have retarded the composition of the opera. Now it will proceed at a sound pace.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—Fourteen pieces more to do, and I shall have finished. It is true that the duo and the trio may count for four pieces. Can't possibly write you at any length, for I know nothing—first reason; second reason, I don't know what I am writing, my head is so full of the opera; I am in danger of sending you an air instead of words. I have learned a new game here which is called *Mercante in fiero*. We will play it as soon as I come back. I have also learned of a lady a new tongue which is easy to speak, difficult to write, but useful nevertheless. But it is a little—childish, although excellent for Salzburg. My compliments to our pretty Nandl and to our canary, for those two creatures and yourself form the most innocent part of the household. Your chapel master Fischietti will, no doubt, soon begin working at his *opera buffa*—that is to say in Germany, at his foolish opera.

(To be continued.)

The Origin of "Hail Columbia."

In the "Recollections of Washington," just published, occurs the following anecdote:

The song of Hail Columbia, adapted in measure to the President's March, was written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, 1798. At that time war with France was expected, and a patriotic feeling pervaded the community. Mr. Fox, a young singer and actor, called upon Mr. Hopkinson one morning and said, "To-morrow evening has been appointed for my benefit at the theatre. Not a single box has been taken, and I fear there will be a thin house. If you will write me some patriotic verses on the tune of the President's March, I feel sure of a full house. Several people about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done. Yet I think you may succeed." Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, wrote the first verse and chorus, and submitted them to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sang them to a harpsichord accompaniment. The time and the words harmonized. The song was soon finished, and that evening the young actor received it. The next morning the placards announced that Mr. Fox would give a new patriotic song. The house was crowded—the song was sung—the audience was delighted—eight times it was called for and repeated, and when sung the ninth time the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night "Hail Columbia" was applauded in the theatre; and in a few days it was the universal song of the boys in our streets. Such was the origin of our national song "Hail Columbia."

A Royal Artist.

William II., King of Holland, is by instinct a musician, and composes very remarkable melodies. At Wiesbaden, where he is just now, he possesses an elegant villa, and if not the actual ruler there, lives at least like a prince. He has a strong partiality for the place, because in its magnificent woods and mountains he finds his happiest inspirations. He is fond of going about the country alone on horseback; occasionally, however, he travels in a little droschky, where, with his head thrown back, attending the flitting clouds and the smoke of his regalia, he gives himself to his musical studies, and in this way composes, as the case may be, sylvan, amorous, or impassioned melodies. Inspired with the ideas natural to an earnest votary of reverie and solitude, this artist king no doubt often imprecates the high position which confines him to his native dykes and prevents his going over distant seas to unexplored countries. Those who have heard his music, describe it as full of soul and modulation, capable of powerful sympathy and of communicating strong emotion. He arranges it for himself, quite often extemporaneously, but never takes the trouble to write out the notes, which of course would be lost when once sung, were it not for a preceptor who, passionately fond of his sovereign's music, always stenographs it.

This singular faculty of the king of the Netherlands is all the more surprising in that he is really inexperienced, possessing but very little skill, being ignorant of the rules of composition, and even of musical terms. A walk, a hunt, any thing emotional, in fact, inspires him, and then he commences by uttering the words, which he sings to himself, and which, though simple and unmeasured, shape the sentiment of the music. He then calls the preceptor and makes him sit down at the piano; but, instead of telling him in what octave he wishes to be accompanied, he tries the instrument himself and says to his attendant: "Hold! accompany me from this side of the board—no, wait! from that side, then this way. Ah! it is this, that, and the other." He then sings the written words, which are sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, and at other times in Dutch. When the air is sung, he repeats it, and, in so doing, occasionally corrects it. Then, when he has completed it, he says to his companion, "Well, my dear sir, how do you like that?" "Ah, sire," he responds "it is admirable, magnificent. You have never done better. But it is singular. I know not how you do it; for this does not resemble music, and still it pleases. When the chorister is highly delighted, the king makes grimaces; when he merely approves, his majesty smiles and rubs his hands."

Music Abroad.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Orphéonist Festival commenced on the 25th of June, and was continued on the 26th and 28th. The "Orphéon" is an amateur choral association of some standing in France. Its central head is established in Paris, with branches extending into all the departments of the country. It is stated that there are now 800 societies, and more than 30,000 members, and there is hardly a commercial or manufacturing town in France that has not some "Société Musicale" in union with it. This association is evidently on a much larger scale than any existing in England, for though we have choral societies by the thousand, including almost every village in the country, there is no connection between them. The Orphéonistes combine charity with music, and during the last five years they have handed over a large sum of money to various charitable institutions. In this respect it is easy to see the advantage that might be derived from combination. No doubt there are innumerable charities forwarded and assisted by the efforts of musicians in England, but a combined society extending throughout the country would have considerable power in collecting charitable contributions. The anniversaries of the Orphéonistes have been events of national importance, and have always excited immense interest in Paris and in the larger towns of France. The 3000 singers who made their appearance at the Crystal Palace are selections from these various societies, and are composed, we are told, of the commercial classes—shopkeepers, clerks, artisans, and others; indeed, it was evident from their general appearance that the artisans were in considerable force, which proves how much the study of music is extending in France.

The programme on Monday commenced with "God save the Queen," sung in very intelligible English; the harmonies, it is true, were much altered, and not for the better, but the good-will with

DER FREYSCHÜTZ.

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The ghost of Agathe is seen on the rock, warning Max away from the circle.

pp Allegro assai.

(Max descends from the rock, and joins Caspar.)

The right eye of a Lapwing; The left of a Lynx; Probatum est (Caspar bows his head three times, imploring a blessing on the balls.) *Andante.* Thou who roam'st at midnight hour, Zamiel, Zamiel, work thy power;

Flauti.

Spirits of the evil dead! In mystic numbers bless the lead. Three murderers deep in blood alike, Charm the bullets that they strike. Child that hath its mother slain, Corn, the powder grain by grain, Tho' our senses sink with fear. Zamiel, Zamiel, be near.

Caspar places fuel on the fire, and makes preparations for casting the fatal bullets.

pp
Allegro moderato.

This block contains the first two systems of a piano score. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. It features a series of chords in the right hand and a continuous eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand. The second system continues this pattern, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand maintaining the eighth-note accompaniment.

ONE (repeated echo One.) The moon is eclipsed; night birds and apparitions of various monsters appear.

This block contains the first two systems of a piano score. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. It features a series of chords in the right hand and a continuous eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand. The second system continues this pattern, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand maintaining the eighth-note accompaniment.

TWO. The Witch of the Glen and various reptiles appear.

This block contains the first three systems of a piano score. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. It features a series of chords in the right hand and a continuous eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand. The second system continues this pattern, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand maintaining the eighth-note accompaniment. The third system continues the same pattern, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand maintaining the eighth-note accompaniment.

THREE. A storm and hurricane break down trees and scatter the fire; monstrous forms move through the glen.

Musical score for 'THREE'. It consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is in bass clef with a treble clef for the right hand. The second system is in treble clef with a bass clef for the left hand. The third system is in treble clef with a bass clef for the left hand. The fourth system is in treble clef with a bass clef for the left hand. The music is in 2/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *f*.

FOUR. The rattle of wheels and tramp of horses are heard, and two wheels of fire roll over the glen.

Musical score for 'FOUR' and 'FIVE'. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is in treble clef with a bass clef for the left hand. The second system is in treble clef with a bass clef for the left hand. The third system is in treble clef with a bass clef for the left hand. The music is in 2/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Dynamics include *pp*. The score concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to G major, indicated by a sharp on the F line.

DER FREYSCHÜTZ.

Neighing and barking are heard; amid discordant and eccentric music, supposed to accompany the wild chase in the air, the misty forms of a skeleton stag, skeleton horseman and hounds pass over the magic circle in the clouds, to a hunting chorus of spirits.

SIX. Darkness. Tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and hail; meteors dart through the air, and dance on the hills; the torrent foams, roars, and turns to blood. The rocks are riven, fresh apparitions appear, and all the horrors of the preceding scenes are accumulated, to deter Freyschütz from the completion of his object.

which the National Anthem was sung made up for any defects in the execution. The next piece performed was a hymn, "Veni Creator," by Besozzi, and very correctly and smoothly it was sung; other slow and solemn music was included in the day's performance, and though well sung there was nothing distinctive about the style. It was, however, in the characteristic French music that the great effect was produced. The striking beauty of the *piano* passages, the distinct enunciation of the words, and the neat and crisp execution of the quick passages, were exceedingly good. There is no great power in the *forte* passages, not like the depth of sound produced, for instance, by a few hundred of our North-country chorus singers, but there is a smoothness and precision [which is extremely pleasant. We may also add that there is a certain amount of trick, that is decidedly effective; we allude particularly to a chorus called "La Retraite," in which the sound of drums, imitated by the voices, is first heard in the distance, then a chorus advancing and subsequently receding into distance, so as to become almost inaudible. This was remarkably good, and without speaking of it as fine chorus singing, it would be well worth imitating. Another excellent chorus was "France! France!" composed especially for this festival by Ambrose Thomas. The spirit and vivacity with which this patriotic song was given produced an immense effect. Several others of the same class, which we have not space to mention, were equally good.

The programme each day was varied, and the performance gave universal satisfaction. At the conclusion of the music the audience rose *en masse*, and with waving of hats, and every demonstration of good feeling, called vociferously for the French National Melody, whereupon "Partant pour La Syrie" was given with hearty good-will by the singers. The band of the Guides, who have accompanied the Orphéonistes, and who performed at the Crystal Palace each day, were in London in the year 1855, when they delighted every one with their music. It is indeed a perfect band, their wonderful precision and neatness of execution are above all praise, and the subdued smooth quality of tone produced from so many brass instruments is perfectly wonderful. Their solo performers, also, are remarkably fine, and, taken as a whole, we have no regimental band in this country to equal them. There are reports (and we are sorry to say that they are not without foundation) that the treatment of our musical neighbors was not such as they were entitled to expect upon their first arrival, but we trust that the hearty welcome given them by the public, and the enthusiasm displayed, will prove to them that the English public, at any rate, have not been to blame, and that they will return to France with a favorable impression of their reception in this country.

The Orphéonistes were invited by the Sacred Harmonic Society to a concert at Exeter Hall, on Friday evening. The performance consisted of selections from several oratorios, the choruses being chiefly of a loud character. Miss Parepa, Madame Sainton Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves were the solo singers. Our foreign neighbors were also invited on Thursday, by Mr. Leslie's Choir, to hear a performance of glees, part-songs, &c., in St. Martin's Hall.—*Musical Times*, July 1.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The first performance for eleven years of Cimarosa's best known, if not best, opera, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, which took place on Saturday, was a decided success; far greater, indeed, than we anticipated from the rather unfavorable reception it met with in 1849, when revived both at Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera. The little favor a work once so popular obtained then was the more unaccountable, as the cast at both theatres was extremely attractive; that at the elder house comprising the names of Mesdames Parodi, Giuliani, and Albani, Signors Calzolari, Lablache and F. Lablache; at the new house, Mesdames Persiani, Grisi, and Angri, Signors Mario, Tamburini, and Tagliafico. The opera, nevertheless, ran but a few nights at either place, and may be said thenceforward to have been entirely shelved, as no attempt has been made to reproduce it since. The principal cause of its revival at Her Majesty's Theatre is doubtless to exhibit Signor Ciampi in one of those parts in which he had earned his continental reputation. The character of Geronimo is beyond the grasp of ordinary artists; and, indeed, no singer since Lablache, excepting Tamburini, had attempted it at all. Signor Ciampi created a highly favorable impression in his new essay, proving himself an artist of rare intelligence and rare endowments. His comedy is a very happy combination of art and instinct; his humor is natural and entirely his own, so that originality may be added to his other qualifications. His make-up of the character is extremely

skillful, and throughout the entire performance he never forgets that he is personating an old man. If we miss the oily humor of Lablache, which seemed to ooze out at every pore, or the consummate tact of Tamburini, which threw an intense reality about every thing he did, we must remember that Signor Ciampi is at an age when it is impossible, even by the aid of the highest genius, that art could reach maturity. Signor Ciampi is twenty-one years old, at which age, we have no doubt, both Lablache and Tamburini were serving their apprenticeship to singing and acting. Nevertheless, estimating the new buffo's performance irrespective of all such considerations, we must allow it to have very great merit. The audience, indeed, seemed strongly of our opinion, since they applauded Signor Ciampi to the echo in every scene. With so powerful and splendid an organ we shall look by-and-bye for finer vocal results. Signor Ciampi, in singing, should adhere more to the notes, and speak less. The frequent use of the *parlante*, however agreeable to Italian ears, is not liked by English audiences, more especially in good music. With this exception we can praise the new Geronimo's singing unreservedly. He possesses the true instinct for time and rhythm, and in that respect invariably satisfies the most scrupulous ear, and is always just in his intonation.—*Musical World*, June 30.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The performance of Gluck's *Orfeo e Eurydice*, on Wednesday evening, which had furnished a topic of conversation to musicians for weeks previously, did not attract a large attendance of the general public. Nevertheless, almost every connoisseur in London was present, and excitement and curiosity were carried to an unusually high pitch. It had been announced that *Orfeo e Eurydice* would be "illustrated by costume, scenery, and decoration," whence, naturally, it was inferred that Gluck's great lyric work would not be presented in a dramatic form, but as a pictorial concert entertainment. It turned out, however, that the announcement was supererogatory, since *Orfeo* was given as an opera proper, with all the accessories of stage effect and action. The advertisements, therefore, intimated more than was required. The director was determined that the old German master should not suffer for want of attention. The cast of the principal personages were perhaps as strong as it could be made in the present time. Mad. Csillag sustained the part of Orpheus, Mad. Penco that of Eurydice, Mad. Miolan-Carvalho that of the Happy Shade (*L'Ombra Felice*) and Mad. Nantier-Didié, *L'Amore*. Nearly the entire weight of the performance falls upon *Orfeo*, who is rarely absent from the scene. Mad. Csillag, however, to her other estimable qualities, adds that of great sustaining power, which enables her to go through the longest and most exciting opera unfatigued. In such a part as *Orfeo* this is absolutely requisite, and without it the best powers, natural and acquired, would be of little avail. Mad. Csillag, as she had already demonstrated in *Fidelio*, possesses amazing energy, and has the finest tragic instincts. Her intensity and passion in Beethoven's heroine could hardly be surpassed, and these qualifications were again exhibited in Gluck's opera. Her greatest effects were produced in the grand *bravura*, "*La speme in sen ritorno*," and in the scene with Eurydice, in which, after his wife is a second time snatched from him by death, just as he had recovered her from Hades—a scene of wondrous beauty, somewhat spun out, notwithstanding—Orpheus sings the well-known air, "*Che farò senza Eurydice*." On both occasions Mad. Csillag proved herself no less a consummate vocalist than *tragédienne*, and was overwhelmed with applause. We might cite many other points in her performance, but the above suffices to indicate in what estimation we hold Mad. Csillag, and what were the feelings entertained by the public of her very rare merits.

The other characters, comparatively subordinate, were most ably supported. Mad. Penco's Eurydice was thoroughly artistic. Even her death was remarkable for the natural manner in which it was accomplished. Her vocal displays were restricted to the long (somewhat too long) duet with Orpheus, when Eurydice issues with him from the infernal regions, of which she made the most. Mad. Carvalho gave the single air of *The Happy Shade*, "*Questo prato sempre ameno*"—a pastoral of infinite beauty—with great charm of voice; and Mad. Nantier-Didié, by her singing, dress, and manner, gave due effect to the impersonation of the God Cupid, who, in the end, is the means of rendering the lovers happy, whereby the author of the *libretto* is at odds with Heathen Mythology.

The scenery, more especially the view of Elysium, is very beautiful. The ballet of the Happy Shades was received with unbounded applause. Of a very different character is that of the Furies in the opening

of the second act; which, if not so attractive, is far more vigorous and picturesque.

On Thursday, the first performance of *Norma* this season, and the last appearance but one of Mad. Grisi in the part she has made so peculiarly her own, with the additional attraction of the second act of *Fra Diavolo*, drew together one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences ever assembled in this theatre. Every part of the house was filled to overflowing, and scores of "La Diva's" admirers were disappointed in not being able to procure even standing room. The Queen and suite occupied the royal box, and the whole performances elicited a series of "ovations," for, evidently affected by the brilliancy of the audience and their enthusiastic reception of her, Mad. Grisi exerted herself with even more than her wonted fire, and "barring" the natural vocal deficiencies, the entire personation of the erring Druidess was one of the most effective we ever witnessed, even in the palmiest days of the great queen of Italian song.

The *Prophète*, long expected, is at last promised, and Signor Tamberlik is announced to make his first appearance this year as Jean of Leyden.—*Ibid.*

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The great attendance a month ago at the performance of *Elijah*, induced the announcement of a repetition, which took place on Friday the 22d inst., and demands a word or two on account of some new features. The severe illness of Miss Parepa prevented her appearance; and Mad. Rudersdorf sang the principal soprano in a manner that leaves room for little but approbation. She has the requisite dramatic capability; and this can be said of but few of her contemporaries. Her "Hear ye, Israel," was an unimpeachable performance. Mr. Santley's singing of the Prophet decidedly gains upon us. It was always sung well; never with sufficient histrionic effect. It is in the latter qualification that the improvement is visible. Mr. Patey should remember that when he joins in quartet with such artists as Mads. Rudersdorf and Sainton-Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves, it is unpardonable to attempt to gain notice by singing too loudly. Among the numerous audience were numbers of the chiefs of the Orphéonistes, who were much delighted with the performance; and, with the characteristic impressionability of their race, were raised to rapturous wonder at Mr. Sims Reeves' marvellous singing of "Then shall the righteous," and were greatly moved at Mad. Sainton's "O rest in the Lord," which is the climax of pathetic expression.—*Ibid.*

EXETER HALL.—A performance of prize-glees, madrigals, and part-songs, by Mr. W. G. Martin, was given on Thursday the 21st, under the direction of the composer, the gentleman who so honorably officiated in the conductor's desk at the two recent juvenile choral exhibitions at the Crystal Palace. The chorus, we believe, was formed of Mr. Martin's classes, and numbered about one thousand voices. To vary the part-music, Mr. Sims Reeves sang "Adelaide," and a new song by Mr. Balfe, "I love you;" and Miss Arabella Goddard played two popular *morceaux*—Ascher's fantasia on airs from *Dinorah*, and Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer." Mr. Sims Reeves created a perfect *furor* in Mr. Balfe's new song, which was encored with thunders of applause. We have not for a long while heard a more charming song than "I love you," and never heard more exquisite singing than that of Mr. Reeves. How the great tenor sings "Adelaide," and how Miss Arabella Goddard accompanies him on the piano-forte we need not say. The fair pianist created the accustomed sensation in both her pieces; the Irish *fantasias* exciting the audience to absolute enthusiasm, which compelled Miss Goddard to return to the platform and bow, although she declined (as usual) to repeat the performance. The execution of the glees, madrigals, and part-songs was for the most part excellent; of some, indeed, deserving of the highest praise. We may mention the part-song "The Evening Star," ditto "Our Saxon Fathers," both encored; prize-glee, "Meek Twilight," for eight male voices, and part-song "The Hemlock Tree." These were all admirably sung, and elicited loud applause. In the prize-glee, "The Merry Month of June," for soli and chorus, the voices were occasionally unsteady and not always in tune. The exceptions were, however, rare, and the general performance must be pronounced excellent. The attendance was immense.—*Ibid.*

FLORENCE, APRIL 27.—Ten days has Victor Emanuel sojourned in Florence and environs, and it is yet three days more before he leaves for Bologna. Ten days have we prostrated ourselves at the altar of pleasure, undergoing every manner of discomfort for a glimpse of each fete and a sight at the King. The royal entrée into the city, the fireworks upon the Arno, the illumination, opera, balls, races, Corso,

have well nigh turned the heads of most people, especially those of the petty merchants who close their shops, positively refusing to satisfy customers, depriving themselves of a living for the sake of indulging in enthusiastic shrieks in behalf of their new monarch. My last experience in festivity was at a late concert given in his Majesty's honor in the great Hall of Palazzo Vecchio. A description of it will serve to illustrate the tenor of all the fetes. When told that he was "down" for an Accademia, our honest King resolutely declared that he could not and would not attend it, that he detested music, save the cannon's, and it was madness to suppose it possible for him to undergo such torture. "But you must," was the inexorable reply, "the people expect you and they cannot be disappointed." "Well, if I must, I must," sighed anti-musical Victor Emanuel, "but let the concert be very short," and it was short. At noon, the world-renowned Cinque Cento saloon, animated by at least two thousand persons, (the majority of whom were gaily dressed ladies,) festooned with garlands of natural flowers, beautiful, gigantic bouquets in every corner and Savoy crosses in red and white camellias starting out from the walls, created impressive effect upon all present, every moment adding to suppressed enthusiasm, which burst forth most gently but most rapturously as the hero of Palestro and suite entered, amid the clanging of much abhorred instruments. "Long live the first soldier of Italy," shouted a voice from afar. "E viva!" one and all responded, ladies furiously tossing their handkerchiefs. Quickly walking up the aisle, the King seated himself immediately in front of orchestra and chorus. By his side sat his cousin, Prince Carignano, Lord Lieutenant of Tuscany; behind him stood Ricasoli, the man to whom Tuscany owes her redemption—Gen. Fanti and many deputies of the Italian Parliament, all of whom had been invited to attend Victor Emmanuel in his tour through the new provinces. What a hideous looking man for a King! is the first exclamation; but after all, though he be short and very stout, with an undeniable pug nose, rolling, unquiet gray eyes, hair cropped as short as any Zouave's, and a moustache as upturned as his nose, that looks as if the sheared hair of the top of his head had been grafted on to the small shoots growing above his upper lip; although nostro re has a very red complexion, and is not an Apollo nor a scholar, nor in appearance a gentleman, yet there is a great deal of determination and daring in his face—a something which prevents his being considered a fearfully ugly man. His organization is essentially that of a soldier. He possesses all the fiery valor necessary to inspire the admiration of his army and the confidence of his subjects.

How every eye took note of every gesture made by Victor Emmanuel, entirely overlooking tall, genteel, amiable Prince Carignano, who was the observed of all observers until the King's advent:

"So doth the greater glory dim the less
A substitute shines brightly as a King,
Until a King be by; and then his state
Empties itself as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music? Hark!"

and such music! It was supposed to be a symbolical cantata after the manner of those used in the XIV. century to celebrate national feasts. If so, let us thank Heaven that we did not live in that age; for of all ridiculous, incomprehensible symbols, this cantata is their chef d'œuvre. The librettist, Fioretti, acquaints us with the startling intelligence that the Prologue takes place in Heaven, while the action lies in Florence: we are introduced to various spirits elect who in some inexplicable way glorify the Cross of Savoy and Victor Emanuel as early as the XIV. century. The music by Mabellini, a very ambitious composer who is said to have written some good works, though I very much doubt it, is quite as pretentious and unmeaning as Fioretti's poetry. The whole concert did not occupy more than half an hour; but even then it was too long, as Barbieri Mini, the prima donna, a fearfully ugly woman, and once a great singer, is at present passé. The other executants were worse. Of course the orchestra was fine, but everything failed to overpower the King, whose prisms it was sounding. His eyes wandered everywhere but in the direction of the prima donna; he talked to cousin Carignano, moved uneasily in his chair, thumbed the programme until we all rose at the finale, which reads thus:

"Long live King Victor! Mid waving of banners,
The drums' rattapans and the trumpets' huge clangors,
The dark race of Latin repeat his great fame;
'Behold our new Queen in fair Italy's dame!'
To whisper his name through this land of the South
Is the signal of union—'war' breathes from each mouth—
Fear seizes the tyrant and stranger as we sing,
Long, long live our valiant, magnanimous King!"

There was something really inspiring in this shout of everything and everybody, and the simultaneous

flutter of a hundred little flags. Victor Emanuel's countenance lighted up; whether it was at the sound of kettle drums and war trumpets, or at thought of his agony being at an end, I know not. He seemed very much pleased, and left us as he came, amid rapturous applause.—*Corr. of New Orleans Picayune.*

In Zwickau, the birthplace of ROBERT SCHUMANN, they have lately celebrated the fiftieth birthday of the lamented master. The celebration consisted of the inauguration of a medallion-portrait of Schumann, modelled by *Rietchel*, and put up above the portal of the family mansion. There were two concerts, at which only compositions of Schumann were performed. Dr. E. KLITZSCH conducted. The programme included the first Symphony (B flat), Requiem for Mignon, the Quintet for piano and strings, the first string quartet, the first trio for piano and strings, the Andante and Variations for two pianos, and various songs and minor pieces. Among those present were noticeable FERD. DAVID, GRUTZMACHER, TH. KIRCHNER, LISZT, R. POHL, BRENDL, HARTEL and others.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 21, 1860.

Organ for St. Paul's Cathedral Church, Louisville, Ky.

Our enterprising friends, Messrs. Simmons & Wilcox, have just completed a fine organ for this church, which we had the pleasure of hearing one afternoon this week to the best advantage, under the skilful hands of Mr. Wilcox. It is a work in every way creditable to the builders, and the Church cannot but be well pleased that it should have entrusted the commission to their hands. The diapasons are round, of rich, pure tone and full volume. The swell, it will be observed, runs through the full compass of the organ, and is of unusual power, not lacking, either, in the softer stops, that as solos, tickle the ears of most congregations. Among the finest stops is the "German Gamba," which is a fine specimen of this most beautiful and effective stop. Like a reed sound, or rather, of a string tone, yet not a reed stop, it is one of the most fascinating and charming of all the so-called fancy stops, and is constructed with entire success by these accomplished builders. The "Flûte Harmonique," also, is an admirably toned stop, giving great brilliancy to the general effect, or serving a valuable purpose as a solo. And so we might go on enumerating many beauties, would space allow us; we give below the contents of this instrument, of which Mr. E. Gunther will be the organist, who is well known as an accomplished artist, every way competent to do it justice.

There are Three Manuals extending from C, 8ft. to g3—56 notes.

Compass of Pedal, from C1 to d—27 notes.

THE GREAT MANUAL

Contains the following Stops and Pipes, viz.:

1. Contra Diapason.....	16 ft.	56 pipes.
2. Open Diapason.....	8 "	56 "
3. Stopped Diapason.....	8 "	56 "
4. Horn Flute.....	8 "	56 "
5. Viola da Gamba.....	8 "	56 "
6. Quint.....	5 1-3 ft.	56 "
7. Octave.....	4 ft.	56 "
8. Flute Harmonique.....	4 "	56 "
9. Twelfth.....	2 2-3 ft.	56 "
10. Fifteenth.....	2 ft.	56 "
11. Mixture.....	3 rank.	168 "
12. Trumpet.....	8 ft.	56 "

THE SWELL MANUAL

Contains the following Stops and Pipes, viz.:

1. Bourdon.....	16 ft.	56 pipes.
2. Open Diapason.....	8 "	56 "
3. Stopped Diapason.....	8 "	56 "
4. Dulciana.....	8 ft.	44 "
5. Viol d'Amour.....	8 "	56 "

6. Vox Angelica.....	8 "	44 "
7. Octave.....	4 "	56 "
8. Violin.....	4 "	56 "
9. Mixture.....	3 rank.	168 "
10. Contra Trumpet.....	16 ft.	44 "
11. Trumpet.....	8 "	56 "
12. Oboe.....	8 "	56 "
13. Fagotto.....	8 "	56 "

THE CHOIR MANUAL

Contains the following Pipes and Stops, viz.:

1. Solina.....	16 ft.	56 "
2. Dulciana.....	8 "	56 "
3. Bourdon.....	8 "	56 "
4. Gemshorn.....	4 "	56 "
5. Flute d'Amour.....	4 "	56 "
6. Flageolette.....	2 "	56 "
7. Corno di Bassetto.....	8 "	56 "

THE PEDAL

Contains the following Stops and Pipes, viz.:

1. Open Bass.....	16 ft.	27 pipes.
2. Dulciana Bass.....	16 "	27 "
3. Violoncello Bass.....	8 "	27 "

MECHANICAL REGISTERS.

1. Coupler—Great and Swell.
2. " Choir and Swell.
3. " Pedal and Great.
4. " Pedal and Choir.
5. " Pedal and Swell.
6. Swell Tremblant.
7. Bellows Signal.
8. Pedal Check.
9. Great and Choir Coupler.

The case of the Organ is made in Gothic style, is 17 feet wide, 25 feet high, and 12 feet deep.

Translated for this Journal.

Clippings from the German Papers.

Spohr, in his autobiography, of which the first instalments have just appeared in print, tells the following amusing story of Clementi. The time is his (Spohr's) first excursion to St. Petersburg, about the year 1800. Says Spohr:

"There were then many anecdotes afloat with regard to the singular avarice of the rich Clementi, which in later years, when I met him again in London, had increased considerably. It was reported that Field was kept very close by his master, and had to undergo many hardships for the privilege of enjoying his instructions. I had myself a taste of the real Italian mode of economizing, which Clementi lived up to, for one day I found teacher and pupil, with tucked up sleeves, at the washtub, cleansing their stockings and linen. My entrance did not disturb them at all. Clementi advised me to do the same, as not only the price charged at St. Petersburg for washing was very high, but that they had a way of doing it, which would wear the clothes out very quick."

How poorly Beethoven was appreciated by musical notabilities in Berlin, even as late as the year 1803, Spohr tells us in the following anecdote:

"I delivered my letters of recommendation, and soon received invitations to musical parties. First I played in the palace of Prince Radziwill, himself an excellent performer on the violoncello and a talented composer. I met there Bernard Romberg, Möser, Leidler, Semmler, and other distinguished artists. Romberg, then in his prime, played one of his quartets with violoncello obligato. I had not heard him before, and was charmed with his playing. When, after this, I was asked to play, I thought that nothing could be more appropriate to offer to such artists and connoisseurs than one of my favorite quartets of Beethoven (opus 18) with which I had so often delighted my Brunswick audiences. I was soon aware, however, as before in Leipsic, that my

choice had been an unfortunate one, for the musicians in Berlin knew as little of these quartets as the musicians in Leipsic, and could neither play nor appreciate them. After I had finished they complimented my playing, but spoke very depreciatingly of the composition, which I had chosen. Romberg asked me directly: 'Pray tell me, dear Spohr, how you can play such eccentric stuff?'"

It is very amusing, as well as instructive to read, at the present day, the criticisms which great works called forth at the time of their first appearance. A Berlin paper, in 1809, which then enjoyed considerable reputation, wrote thus of Beethoven's great Overture to *Leonore* (the third):

"All connoisseurs and musical persons agree, that another piece of music so incoherent, disagreeable, confused, ear-irritating has not yet been written. The most cutting modulations follow each other. The harmony is really horrible. A few small ideas, which take away all semblance of grandeur, for instance, a Posthorn Solo, intended, we presume, to indicate the arrival of the governor, finish the disagreeable, stupefying impression of the whole." This very Overture is now acknowledged as one of the sublimest works of Beethoven! *Schicht*, a renowned composer of church-music and musical director at the Thomas church in Leipsic used to call Beethoven literally a "musical pig," but changed his opinion when he heard *Fidelio* performed. *Zelter*, the illustrious friend of *Goethe*, says in one of his letters to the poet: "There are two young composers, *Cherubini* and *Beethoven*, who are not without talent, but they have got into wrong roads." When Beethoven had published his first works, a Vienna musical paper advised him to stick to the career of a piano-virtuoso, as he had not the least talent for musical composition. The "*Cecilia*," a Mayence musical gazette, edited by Fink, said of Beethoven's third symphony, the *Eroica*: "It is the production of a madman; and its composer is perfectly ripe for a lunatic asylum."

Musical Chit-Chat.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Inauguration of the new President of Harvard College, C. C. Felton, L.L.D., took place on Thursday of this week. The music of the occasion was the grand Chorale by Martin Luther; "A strong castle is our Lord," a "Domine salvum fac," by Mozart, and Jackson's *Te Deum* in F., which were well sung by a large choir of male voices made up from the present and recent members of the College choir and members of the Harvard Musical Association. The musical part of the services were under the direction of Mr. L. P. Homer, the instructor of Music in the University; Mr. John H. Willcox presiding at the organ, a poor instrument in the most skilful of hands.

The annual Commencement exercises at the Academy of the sisters of Notre Dame, Roxbury, were held on Thursday, the 12th inst. The attendance was quite large, and the entertainment was one of great excellence throughout. The musical portion of it merits particular mention at our hands. The pupils have evidently been subjected to the most rigid musical discipline, and the system of constant surveillance kept up with unflinching severity. The result is a rare perfection of drill. This was most noticeable in the pieces for two, three, and four pianos, in which no teacher took any part whatever, but which, nevertheless were played with a sweetness and uniformity in time and expression, as if Zerrahn's baton had been in sight all the time. The first Piano

part had, in most cases, been allotted to Miss Doniphan, who acquitted herself of her difficult task to everybody's satisfaction. The musical part of the programme consisted of the *Gazza Ladra* Overture for six performers on three pianos; the Coronation Duet, (Herz) for two performers on two pianos, which won the heartiest applause; the first grand concertante Quartet for four players on four pianos, by Czerny, the best piece on the list; and Dresel's effective arrangement of Weber's Invitation to the Waltz, for four players on two instruments.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—It was our privilege to be present, on Sunday, June 24th, at the new chapel, corner of Clinton and Court streets, to hear the farewell sermon of Rev. Samuel Longfellow, brother of the distinguished American poet. Mr. Longfellow alluded, in expressive terms, to his past connection with the church, and enunciated in a very distinct manner, the outlines of the doctrines he had aimed to set forth. While his doctrines may be cavilled at by many, the devotion and single-heartedness of the man can hardly be questioned; and his *bijou* of a chapel and its service are a complete model by themselves. The part that music plays in the internal arrangements of the new chapel, are worthy of all praise and imitation by Protestant churches. Here we found the choir and organ in their proper places, though it be but an old idea newly inaugurated in this country. Certainly the questionable plan of putting the choir and organ at such a distance from the preacher, as that he, in common with all the congregation, shall be listeners and critics, instead of singers and worshippers, is fast dying out; and the example set at the new chapel in Brooklyn is doing much toward convincing that "City of Churches" that music, as well as religion, will not suffer by this beautiful and truly effective reform.—*N. Y. Musical World*.

OPERA.—The word Opera, used to express a drama sung instead of spoken, is a special use of a common word. It means simply Work. When music was first joined to the drama as an integral part of the performance, the piece was simply called a tragedy or comedy; but, by-and-by, as the music became more and more the speciality of the performance, terms were chosen to express more clearly the nature of the work. They were all *works*, and thus the term *Opera* was chosen, with a word following to describe it. *Opera regia*, *comica*, *tragica*, *scenica*, *sacra*, &c., were the terms used, and if it was also musical, the words *per musica* were added. By-and-bye these became shortened into *opera musicale*; and finally *opera* alone was used to designate a musical work, and the primitive terms, *tragedia* and *comedia* retained for purely dramatic compositions. Though the word has no special reference to music, and is equally applicable to a poem or a painting, it has received a special signification by long habit, and expresses, in one word, the lyric drama.—*Musical Times*.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Mr. Gilmore's band of instrumental musicians inaugurated the fourth season of their pleasant Promenade Concerts on Saturday evening, July 7, in a highly successful manner. The band is in excellent condition, giving evidence of careful training on the part of their accomplished leader, and of diligent practice among themselves. The improvement they have made since last year is manifest to the most careless listener, and the energy and industry, of which their increased excellence is the happy result, is most creditable. The selection of music for performance at these concerts is generally very judicious. Mr. Gilmore remembers, as he ought, that people want nothing heavy in hot weather. Light books, light clothes, light wines and light music always find a ready market from July until September. Nothing should be permitted to change so laudable a taste.

We hope these concerts will meet with that success to which they are entitled, for there can be no pleasanter way of passing an evening under cover than in listening to enlivening music, and meeting pleasant people. Mr. Gilmore desires that the public should gather about him and enjoy themselves, but we are pleased to learn that it is his intention to frown

upon the slightest demonstrations of rowdiness of any kind. Before the season closes the band is to be augmented by the addition of reed instruments. Concerts are given on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and on Saturday afternoon.—*Ibid*.

THE DRAMA.—At the annual meeting of the Boston Theatre Corporation, on the 9th inst., the old board of directors, consisting of Messrs. John S. Tyler, A. H. Fiske, John E. Lodge, E. C. Bates, Gardner Brewer, W. W. Tucker and Thomas W. Pierce, was re-elected. The theatre, we are rejoiced to learn, will once again be under the exclusive management of Mr. THOMAS BARRY, whose record as actor, manager and man, through a long series of years passed in the service of the public, will bear the most critical scrutiny. His experience, ability and taste have been often and successfully tested, and the fact that he is at the head of a dramatic establishment is a sufficient guaranty that it will prove worthy the liberal patronage of a cultivated community. Mr. Barry has already made arrangements for a period of thirty weeks, and we look forward with interest to the commencement of his dramatic season, which we feel sure will go far to make up for the lamentable theatrical entertainments of the season just closed.—*Ibid*.

MUSIC COMMITTEES IN CHURCHES.—One reason for the difficulty which churches meet with in their music, is the fact that it is intrusted to the hands of incompetent committees. We do not know why it is, but the music committee of a church almost invariably contains one man who cannot tell "Old Hundred" from "Yankee Doodle." If a parish can find a man who is utterly stupid and stolid—a man who has no music in his soul and none anywhere else,—they will be sure to put him upon the singing committee. There is nothing which aces feel themselves so competent to manage as church music. Such men and such committees are always disgusting singers, making trouble in choirs, introducing the most senseless changes, and raising a row generally. The best singers in a congregation make always the best and the only competent singing committees, and the further the number on such a committee is raised above one, the worst for all concerned.—*Springfield Republican*.

THE SONTAG VERSION.—The admirable and much regretted Sontag substituted a phrase at the close of the Masked Trio in *Don Giovanni*, in the place of Mozart's. Her example was soon followed, and all the singers of Europe adopted in this place Mme. Sontag's invention.

One day at a rehearsal in London, a celebrated leader hearing this bold innovation at the close of the trio, stopped the orchestra, and addressing the prima donna, said: "Well, madam, what does this mean? Have you forgotten your part?"

"No sir; I am singing the Sontag version."

"Ah! very well! but allow me to take the liberty of saying, that though you may prefer the Sontag version to the Mozart version, the latter is the only one we have anything to do with here."—*H. Berlioz*.

THE FLAGEOLET WORSHIPPER.—There was an excellent musician, who was so entirely enamored of the flageolet, which he managed finely, that he was forever playing it, though the instrument had no part in the score. He doubled with the flute, or the oboe, or the clarinet; he would have doubled the bass-viol rather than remain silent. One of his brother musicians ventured to say, that it was strange he should allow himself to play in a Beethoven symphony. "You mechanize my instrument," said he, "and pretend to despise it!" Fools! If Beethoven had heard me, his works would be full of flageolet solos, and he would have made his fortune. But he never heard me; and he died in a hospital.—*H. Berlioz*.

Spohr was one day met in the street on his way to the opera, where he had to conduct the opera in honor of the birthday of the Elector. He was clothed in a heavy winter mantle, although the weather-glass stood eighty degrees above zero. "Are you sick?" asked the man who met him. "No," replied Spohr, throwing back his mantle and showing his breast covered with orders, "I am only ashamed to go thils through the streets."

SAN FRANCISCO.—An opera company, made up of Mr. Escott, Mr. Squires, Mr. Leach and others have been singing here in English opera, and have given "Lucia," "La Traviata," "The Rose of Castille" and "Ernani." They have met with good success and crowded houses, as we learn from the San Francisco Herald.

SIGNORA GUERRABELLA.—This young American lady has been making a great *furor* in Italy as a dramatic singer. The Italian papers and private letters give most enthusiastic accounts of her reception at Turin, Milan, etc. Signor Guerrabella was not originally intended for the stage. She is an only child, and it was only by insistence on her part that her parents consented to let her make a more extended use of the gifts with which nature had endowed her. She is thoroughly devoted to her profession; and, although only two years have elapsed since she began her career, she has sung in some of the best Italian theatres with unqualified success. At Bergamo, during the carnival, her appearance in Pacini's opera, "*Stella di Napoli*," caused immense excitement, the audience testifying their delight by calling the favorite over and over again before the curtain. A correspondent tells us of an adventure which happened to La Guerrabella after the ovation at Bergamo. On returning to Milan, she was engaged, as the contract showed, at the chief theatre in Trieste. On her arrival at Venice, to embark for Trieste, in the evening, Signora Guerrabella was accosted at the railroad by the secretary of the director, who expressed his regret that they could not secure the theatre at Trieste, and begged that she would open the opera at Venice. The lady immediately saw through the ruse, and positively refused. The secretary offered her any terms, and told her that if she would consent, the Governor of Venice, Count Toggenburg, would come and ratify any proposition she chose to make. The signora persisted in her refusal. The secretary followed her to the hotel. After re-perusing her contract, to be certain she had made no mistake, she laid it by her side, and the Secretary then seized it and tore it up. Next morning La Guerrabella returned to Milan. On her arrival, Count Correr, President of the Committee of Venetian Emigration, and Count Meronier called to thank her in the name of the Committee for her noble and courageous conduct. The resolution by the Italians not to support opera in the kingdom of Venice, was an expression of national grief for the situation of the unhappy Venetians; hence the sympathy of the Milanese, hence the desire of the official to force attendance by means of a powerful attraction. Thus the young cantatrice found herself suddenly looked upon not only as an operatic but a political star. She was offered a diploma as citizen of Venice; congratulations poured in from all sides, and her reception that night at the theatre was a triumph. As her fame has spread, engagements have poured in, and some of the most profitable proposals come from Constantinople.—*Horne Journal*.

THE MYSTERY OF EDITING.—The world at large do not understand the mysteries of a newspaper; and, as in a watch, the hands, that are seen, are but the passive instruments of the spring, which is never seen, so, in a newspaper, the most worthy causes of its prosperity are often least observed or known. Who suspects the benefit which a paper derives from the enterprise, the vigilance, and the watchful fidelity of the publisher? Who pauses to think how much of the pleasure of reading is derived from the skill and care of the printer? We feel the blemishes of printing, if they exist, but seldom observe the excellences.

We eat a hearty dinner, but do not think of the farmer that raised the materials thereof, or the cook that prepared them with infinite pains and skill. But a cook of vegetables, meat, pastries, and infinite *bonbons*, has a paradisaical office in comparison with an editor! Before him pass in review all the exchange newspapers. He is to know all their contents, to mark for other eyes, the matters that require attention. His scissors are to be alert, and clip with incessant industry all the little items that together form so large an interest in the news department. He passes in review, each week, every State in the Union, through the newspaper lens; he looks across the ocean and sees strange lands, and following the sun, he searches all round the world for material. It will require but one second's time for the readers to take in what two hours' research produced. By him are read the manuscripts that swarm the office like flies in July. It is his frown that dooms them. It is his hand that condenses a whole page into a "line." It is his discreet sternness that restricts senti-

mental obituaries, that gives young poets a twig on which to sit and sing their first lay.

And the power behind the throne, in newspapers as in higher places, is sometimes as important as the throne itself. Correspondents, occasional or regular, stand in awe at that silent power which has the last chance at an article, and may send it forth in glory or in humility. And, in short, as the body depends upon a good digestion, so the health of a paper depends upon that vigorous digestion which goes on by means of the editor.

Ought they not to be honored? And since little fame attends them, they should at least have their creature comforts multiplied. From that dark and dismal den in which they have so long had purgatorial residence, they are at length translated!—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC.—The mystic music sometimes heard at the mouth of the Pascagoula river, on a still night, is one of the wonders of our coast. It is not confined, however, to the Pascagoula river, but has often been heard at other places. At the mouth of the Bayou Coq del Inde and other inlets opening into the Gulf along the coast of our own country, the curious listener, lying idle in his boat, with lifted oars, when every other sound is hushed, may sometimes hear its strains coming apparently from beneath the waters, like soft notes of distant *Æolian* harps.

We have always supposed that this phenomenon, whatever its origin might be, natural or supernatural, was peculiar to our own coast. It appears, however, from Sir Emerson Tennant's recent work on Ceylon, something very like it is known at Battialloa, in that island, and it is attributed to rather less poetical and mysterious origin—that it is a peculiar species of shell-fish. They are said to be heard at night, and most distinctly when the moon is nearest the full.—*Mobile Herald*.

THE FLIGHT OF SOUND.—M. Montigny, in a note addressed to the Academy of Belgium, questions the rate at which sound travels laid down in the books. He states that in a storm in September last, he, while at a distance of three miles from where the lightning struck, could count but two seconds between the lightning and the thunder. Had the rate of travel of the sound been no more than 1,100 feet per second, as is generally supposed, there would have been an interval of fifteen seconds. Another gentleman, situated at nearly a similar distance in another direction from the place struck by the lightning, could perceive no greater interval than M. Montigny. Many other facts are noted by M. Montigny, all tending to prove that the rate at which the sound of thunder travels, is much greater than 1,100 feet per second. In the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science of 1858, it was shown that the sound of a cannon travels faster than the sound of the human voice.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE QUALITY OF SOUND.—M. Scott is the originator of a very ingenious apparatus, by means of which some interesting experiments have been made in reference to the different qualities of sound, and the cause of such difference. The apparatus consists of a tube spreading out widely at one extremity like a trumpet, and closed at the other end by a thin, stretched membrane, to the middle of which is attached a very light pencil. The tube concentrates the sounds which enter by its base, and the vibrations of the membrane thus produced are written by the pencil upon a paper coated with lampblack, which is uniformly placed under the pencil by clock-work. The traces thus produced may be copied and preserved—magnified, if necessary—by photography. When the common accord is sounded on different instruments, the figures formed are very different both in form and dimensions, according as wind instruments, stringed instruments, or the human voice are used. The same differences are seen when the record of singing is compared with that of musical noises. M. Scott establishes this curious fact, that the series of vibrations formed by the sound of an instrument or voice is more regular, even, and consequently more nearly isochronous, in proportion as it is more pure and agreeable to the ear. In shrill cries and harsh sounds of instruments, the waves of condensation are irregular, unequal, and not isochronous.

THE SINGING OF CHILDREN.—There is something exceedingly thrilling in the voices of children singing. Though their music be unskilful, yet it finds its way to the heart with wonderful celerity. Voices of cherubs are they, for they breathe of paradise; clear, liquid tones that flow from pure lips and innocent hearts, like the sweetest notes of a flute, or the falling of water from a fountain!—*Longfellow*.

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